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POEMS, SONGS
AND
YARNS



OLEN WINFIELD LOOKER

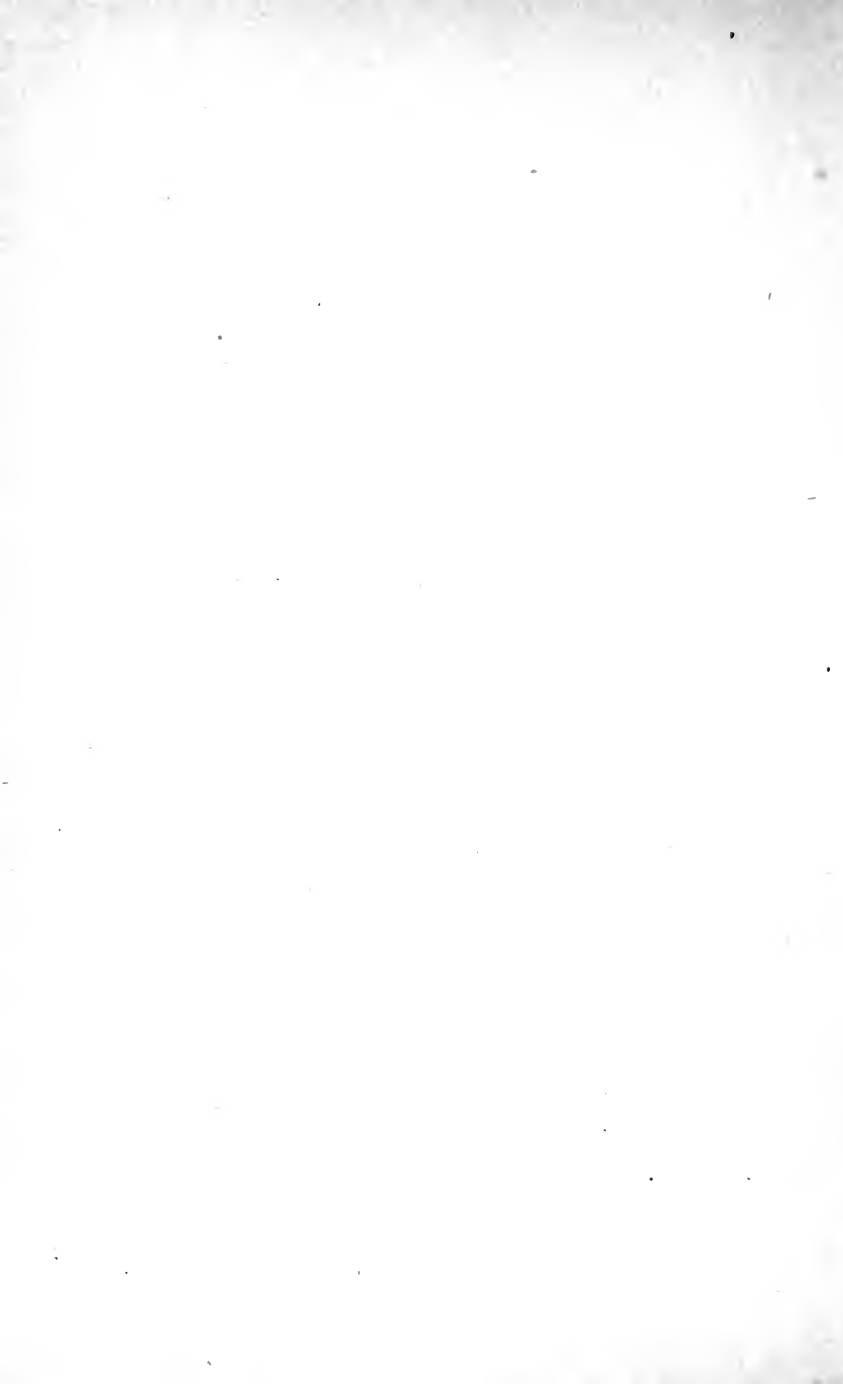


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OLEN WINFIELD LOOKER

A Scotch, Dutch, Irish Yankee, Born in Pennsylvania
January 7, 1859

POEMS, SONGS AND YARNS

BY

OLEN WINFIELD LOOKER

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1913

ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS

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1913

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OLEN WINFIELD LOOKER



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DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to anyone who will pay a penny a page for it. Trusting largely to my wife's relation, for my personal safety, should we ever meet, my own misgivings remind me of the Irishman who was shipwrecked and felt the time had come when he must pray. "Oh Lord," he said, "if you will help me out this time I will never call on you again." I am trying to live so that I can respect my own company when alone, pondering over what Billings said, that "the mule was a verry patient animul—patient because he is ashaimed of himself," assuring myself that I will get justice, as the lawyer told his client who appeared much distressed. "Begorry," said Pat, "that is just what I am afraid of." Feeling that we understand each other better than I understand myself, I beg to remain your friend and coworker between the handles of the wheelbarrow.

OLEN WINFIELD LOOKER.



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INTRODUCTION

SPEAKERS AND SINGERS I HAVE HEARD

I never had lived in a large city till I went to Los Angeles. There I could go to the Temple auditorium on a Sunday and hear Burdette preach. He wrote "The Religious Brakeman," "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache," "The Necktie Period," etc. I heard him lecture on "The Lost Fort," which was wonderfully beautiful and sublime.

I heard McIntyre at the Methodist Church lecture on the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. His use of language was beautiful. He said when the torches were put out the darkness in the cave was different from a dark night—it seemed to be thick, as if you might cut it with a knife, as though you could reach out and take a handful of it and smear it over your face like soot. I said, "How can we who blunder so ever hope to attain such beautiful use of language?"

I went to hear Tetrazzini sing. No bird ever warbled purer, sweeter, higher notes or tones, as it seemed to me. She surely has the heavenly

spark as she calls it. I heard the wonderful Harriet Beech Yaw, who thrilled her hearers beyond my power to describe.

And Bonsi, the Italian tenor. I also heard McCormack, the Irish tenor. Their quality of voice seemed to me to be much the same. Great volume and power and then it would die away till it seemed you could hear it in the distance and even echo as you have heard echoes in the hills, showing wonderful training and control, till you were led to ask yourself, "Is man an angel?" The papers announced that Harry Lauder was to be at the temple auditorium for two weeks. He had held his high standard in the old country for five years as the greatest Scotch comedian and singer on the vaudeville stage, and it seemed Scotch people thought him as great as Bobbie Burns. He made his own songs and sang them. His houses were packed. I got in the last night and had to stand during his entertainment. Six stories above the stage I heard him in his Scotch dialect sing "I Love a Lassie," "We Parted on the Shore," "She's My Daisy," etc. The rhythm, the enunciation, the personal magnetism, the concentration of thought, to make others see as you see and feel as you feel, to satisfy the eye, to produce sounds that fall gracefully, and with

music on the ear, till you almost see the heavenly spark and say with Harry Lauder, "I'd give all the money I have in the bank, and that ain't very much." The papers told us he had been a coal miner. I worked in and around coal mines when a boy and heard the Scotch people talk. I got some of Harry Lauder's songs and it seemed to come natural for me to sing them. When you meet me, make the request, if you like, and I will sing "I Love a Lassie" as near like Harry Lauder as I can. From a boy music and poetry have charmed me and to be a good talker I consider one of the best and greatest accomplishments of man. It is to my mind the divine plan for man to improve, to convey to his hearers the very best in his mind and heart, and the ability of some to make themselves heard in a large crowd is marvelous. I heard W. J. Bryan address a crowd of acres of people in an open field near Rock Island, and we could all hear as well as if in a small building, while the man that introduced him seemed to yell with all his might, yet we heard nothing. It was as if Bryan had wireless communication with every mind present, could send the message out clear and distinct; the more the receiving instrument is in sympathy or accord with the sender, the better heard. Father

Matthews, the great temperance apostle, when asked how he got so many as twenty thousand Irishmen to sign the pledge in one day, said, "The heart has many strings, if you know how to touch them aright they are sure to respond."

John B. Goff, who made more public lectures than any other man of his time (except Wendell Phillips), said of himself, he never faced an audience but he would rather turn and run the other way, but when he got started, there was a thrilling sensation of delight, then his only object was to make his audience see as he saw, and feel as he felt. Let us go and see and hear each great or near great man or woman on their favorite theme or song. We can get as much from them in one hour as we would get from books in six months' reading. When a boy I might have heard Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, John B. Goff, Daniel Webster, called the Lion Man, Stephen A. Douglas, called the "Little Giant of Chicago," Abraham Lincoln, called the "Tall Sycamore of the West," Wendell Phillips, called "The Silver Tongued Orator," and I think over the opportunity that I have had by living in the time when these great minds were active. Singers like Jenny Lind, violinists like Ole Bull, singers like Frank Lombard, of Chi-

cago, carry you beyond yourself in the realm of harmony, of thought, of Heaven itself. Intellect and the power of speech to convey thought is so highly prized that we seem to forget all else in the presence of it. Is it not the God in man, or as Tetrazzini calls it, "the heavenly spark?" See and hear these great speakers and singers as they come around and let them fan this Heavenly spark in us till it glows into a blaze and warms our whole intellectual and spiritual being till when we say, "Our Father Who Art in Heaven," we feel His presence and are thrilled and strengthened.

OLEN WINFIELD LOOKER.

NOT MY HOME

I've wandered o'er the hills, today,
That used to give me joy,
Where almost forty years ago
I wandered when a boy.

Many of the old trees are gone
And younger ones have came,
I wandered on and found the one
Where I had carved my name.

Below my own I carved the name
Of Mary, by my side,
Who blushed when for pay I claimed a kiss
That others were denied.

The river is flowing on the same,
The banks are just as green;
My thoughts go back some forty years
And now I seem to dream.

'Tis winter, and we children three
Are huddled round the stove.
The north winds pierce our little house,
But warm is mother's love.

My sister older asks her why
Our father went to war;
“For duty, honor, and God’s cause,
His death, my child, we bear.”

Each night at mother’s knee we knelt,
Our childish prayer we prayed,
She told us how that Jesus said
“ ’Tis I, be not afraid.”

At last the long cold winter went,
The robins told of spring,
We boys roamed out upon the hills
Where today I’ve been.

The joy of one long summer day
Made us ashamed to own
That ever we had grumbled once
When winter storms had blown.

An awkward, bashful boy I grew,
But trying to improve;
The schoolhouse where I tried to spell,
I also learned to love.

Too bashful then to claim my own,
I wandered far away,
Not knowing time would pale the cheek
And turn the hair to gray.

I'm going far away from here,
For this is not my home,
For age or death have claimed the ones
I hoped would be my own.

To see my old time friends of yore
To graveyards I'll not go,
The living with their wrinkled face
And hair as white as snow.

The roguish eyes of fair Jeanette
I remember to this day,
But do not care to see her now
So wrinkled, old and gray.

Then make love's hay while love's sun shines,
The memory of one kiss
May last a whole lifetime through
And fill the world with bliss.

To you and her that only felt
The rapture of love's song,
These heavenly sparks in memory's heart
To you and her belong.

Then kiss the blushing maiden's cheek,
She bids you love today;
Wait not for a better time,
Lest beauty fades away.

Too bashful then to claim my own,
 My boyhood friends have gone,
 I'll make new friends in other lands,
 For this is not my home.

Regret, remorse and bitter tears
 Have always played their part,
 While hope leads on with better cheer
 And love warms up the heart.

Before I go I want to roam
 The old hills o'er again,
 And mark the old familiar spots
 For pleasure or for pain.

To watch the river flowing by
 And hear the birds of song,
 Then go, for this is not my home,
 I stayed away too long.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE MAY
 BE BLISS

Perhaps it is well that a young man doesn't know
 How little he does know,
 For I know that you know
 It would discourage him so.

WILL NOT BLAME SELF
TOO HARSHLY

I will try to be true to myself,
The plans that I have laid out,
The bargains I have made
Were made in good faith.
As time goes on,
If I see I have made mistakes,
I will settle up the affair
In an honorable, business-like manner,
Not blaming myself or others.
Lay new plans and hope on,
And ask God's help to see the right.

JOHNNIE PUNKIN AND HIS CAT

Johnnie Punkin had a cat,
That never lived to catch a rat.
The reason was, as Johnnie said,
Because his little cat was dead.
His auntie said condensed milk that
Would kill any little cat,
And that
Is just what killed the little cat.

His sister slammed it in the door,
Broke both hind legs and one before,
And that
Is just what killed the little cat,
For his auntie said that
Would kill any little cat.

And after that his auntie stepped and smashed it
flat
And that
Is just what killed the little cat,
For his auntie said that that
Would kill any little cat.

His brother hammered on its head
Till from its mouth and nose it bled,
And that
Is just what killed the little cat,
For his auntie said that that would kill any little
cat.

Johnnie didn't cry, for he was brave,
And planted flowers on its grave,
With tearful voice and Johnnie said,
"You know my little cat, it's dead."

BEWITCHING EYES

In Myrtle's eyes such love light shone,
I dare not meet them with my own,
For reason said in calm repose,
Others claim love from eyes like those.

Those drooping lids have held the flash,
And other hearts have felt the crash
And mourned the day they were not wise
And dared to look in Myrtle's eyes.

HAVE PURE THOUGHTS .

Every impure thought stamps itself on every
fibre of our being.
Therefore, if we would be pure and noble looking
men and women, we must have pure and
noble thoughts.

Let them be turned back and put to confusion
who desire my hurt.—Bible.

He becometh poor who dealeth with a slack
hand, but the hand of the diligent maketh rich.
—Bible.

ROSY SHANNON

A shady lane where roses bloom
I walked one Sunday afternoon,
With nature humming love's sweet tune,
I met sweet Rosy Shannon.

Her grace, her beauty, form and size,
Love's heavenly spark shone from her eyes,
Which to resist would ne'er been wise,
I loved sweet Rosy Shannon.

The path it followed o'er the green
And half way up the hill I seen,
'Mid butterflies, like fairies' queen,
There sat sweet Rosy Shannon.

Love said, "There's but one thing to do,"
I said, "My love, I'll follow you."
And oh! what bliss we lovers knew
When I met sweet Rosy Shannon.

I sat beside her on the green,
We talked about the boats we'd seen,
The river with its banks serene,
I, close to Rosy Shannon.

The sun kept sinking in the west,
My heart kept pounding in my breast.
Such love had never been confessed,
As I told Rosy Shannon.

Perhaps 'twas wrong, I see it now,
My arm got round her waist somehow;
I promised honor, made a vow
And kissed sweet Rosy Shannon.

She said, "Oh, Mister, would you dare?
Just see how you have spoiled my hair!"
Then, blushing, smiled and looked more fair,
My angel, Rosy Shannon.

The sun went down, 'twas growing late,
The dove quit cooing to his mate,
The moon came up and bid me wait
And love sweet Rosy Shannon.

'Twas well I did, it was the last,
The moments flew, the hours passed;
At her home sour eyes were cast
At my sweet Rosy Shannon.

Could I come back, she bid me wait,
"I'll come and tell you at the gate."
Her father owned a large estate,
Also sweet Rosy Shannon.

She said, "My dear, please listen here,
'Tis neither late nor early,
A lover's fate, we stayed too late,
My parents, they are surly.

One year from this sweet day of bliss,
I'll be of age and over,
You'll see me up there on the hill,
Hunting four-leaved clover.

If you'll come to me on the hill
No one our love can sever,
And if you love me then as now
I'll then be yours forever."

With one long kiss we lovers knew
Her whole soul through her lips I drew.
She said, "Now, love, that means be true."
I left sweet Rosy Shannon.

No woman since the world began
Has ever had a better plan
To win and hold the heart of man
Than has sweet Rosy Shannon.

Here on this cloudy winter day,
I'll think of her and tune this lay,
I'll build a home and then I'll pray
For June and Rosy Shannon.

ALL TROUBLE IMAGINARY

The doubts and fears I've had for years
I'll gather all today
And pile them up in one big heap
And watch them fade away.

Then start anew, my dear, with you,
Hope for our guiding star,
Imaginary troubles gone
For that is all they are.

We nurse our wrath, we pity self,
We make of life a care,
When God's sunshine is here for all
Cheer up, let's have our share.

HOPE AND HEALTH

How can I improve my mind,
As to be better in my thought,
To find some better way to climb,
And help some other as I ought?

There's only one way I can see,
To learn of Him that leadeth me;
Lord, give me hope and health, I pray,
To last me through another day.

BOUND AS HABIT'S SLAVE

A boat unloading at the dock,
The levee paved with granite rock,
A smoky city crowded near,
An old man standing by the pier.

I caught his eye, his look was sad,
And that was all the proof I had
That he a troubled life had known,
For trouble stamped his face her own.

I learned his name, his history, too,
He gave it me, I'll give it you;
He had seen the river high and low,
Had watched the boats that come and go.

He knew their whistles and their bell,
Their captains' names and mates as well;
He had helped unload from every craft
That handled freight or towed a raft.

Away back fifty years or more,
When Uncle Sam, with dogs of war,
Had landed prisoners at the dock,
Unloaded men and took on stock.

The mules would bray at early morn
When men went round to feed them corn.
There were marching soldiers everywhere
While martial music filled the air.

“I then had work both night and day,”
He said, “before my hair turned gray.
My old wife died, my children gone,
And I am left here all alone

“To dream the past and mourn the day
When old age turned my hair so gray.”
I said, “Old man, come, leave these docks,
These hard paved streets and granite blocks.

“Come out where the green grass grows,
Crabapple perfume and the rose,
Away from smoke and poisoned air,
Of nature’s bountiful fruits, come share.

“Come, nature calls, for it is May,
There’s work for all, both young and gray.”
He told me “No,” and shook his head,

“My dear old wife I loved is dead.

“My children gone, my hair is gray,
I’ll watch the boats another day,
I’ll beg today one hour’s work—
The captains know I never shirk.

“I’ll eat and sleep as best I can
And try to live an honest man.”
I left him standing on that rock,
I left him at that steamboat dock.
I left him in that city smoke,
That poisoned air to breathe and choke,
Standing there as habit’s slave
To only change that for his grave.
I left him there, but can we say
But habit has us chained today,
And we but half our privilege share.
In God’s great universe so fair.

HEAVEN HERE BELOW

There’s reasons why I would be great,
There’s reasons why I would be small,
But not a reason have I found
Why I would ne’er have been at all.
To live with hope, to plan and dream,
And know pure loves are all they seem;
To live above a selfish thought,
To help some other as I ought.
If this ain’t heaven here below,
Please tell me why, I do not know.

POOR LEWIS' HAT

Poor Lewis, poor Lewis, he has gone with his hat,
The very same one on which Aunt Emma sat.

Poor Lewis, he said, "I am here to declare
I did err when I put my plug hat in that chair."

Then he ran like a turkey and squealed like a rat,
"Aunt Emma, have mercy, you have sat on my
hat."

Then he pushed up the crown that was mashed
down so flat,

Poor Lewis, poor Lewis, he has gone with his hat.

A plug hat once sat down on never will be
An idol of worship for a sinner like me.

Poor Lewis, poor Lewis, he has gone with his hat,
The very same one on which Aunt Emma sat.

"What does your father do for a living," said
one boy to another, "I never see him working?"
"My father," said the other, "is deacon of the
Baptist Church, but he doesn't work very hard
at it."

OLD MAN

I am trying to figure if I can
Why of late I'm called "old man,"
By just a few careless chaps
Who are no judge of age, perhaps.

Only a few short years ago
I thought that time moved too slow.
Would I e'er be twenty-one,
Be a man and not called "Son."

But when I think 'tis fifty years
That I have lived with hopes and fears,
Hope that some day I would be great
That I might own a large estate.

Hoped that the one I loved was true,
But doubts and fears they came and grew.
A precious child I loved has died,
I bow my head, give up my pride.

Give up my dreams of wealth and fame
And hope that we may live again;
Give up the pride of looking young
And try to master thought and tongue.

To better all and hinder none,
Bid selfish thoughts and deeds be gone,
To hope along a higher plane
Till doubts and fears ne'er come again.

B I B L E

He becometh poor who dealeth with a slack
hand, but the hand of the diligent maketh rich.

Let them be turned back and put to confusion
who desire my hurt.

A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine and
the boldness of his countenance shall be changed.

T H E L E T T E R E N D E D

I wish I could see you,
I wish I could talk with you;
Writing's a blessing,
But I long to walk with you;
Through paths edged with flowers
We would roam on together,
We would never grow weary,
No, never; no never.

JUG OF RUM

Old Jamie was an Irishman,
 Lived by a mining town,
 His dear old wife with loads of care
 Had learned to wear a frown;
 For lads and lasses had they nine,
 All seemed as doomed to work;
 But Jamie, as his wife declared,
 Was but a drunken shirk.

“And now, my own dear boys,” she said,
 “All you a warning take,
 If you do as your father does
 My poor old heart will break.
 You know the road is through the swamp,
 And when he comes from town,
 He’ll stagger off the pike some night
 And with the frogs go down.”

All this heard Jamie from the loft,
 For he was not asleep.
 He lounged away the whole forenoon,
 Then down the stairs did creep,
 With eyes all red, with nerves unstrung,
 As drunkards only know,

His jug was empty and he said,
 “To town I am bound to go.”

He joined the miners in the town
 With many a song and dance.
The hour grew late, till all had gone,
 But Jamie, John and Hans;
And then the keeper of the inn
 Filled well auld Jamie’s jug,
Then all were ready then to go
 But for another mug.

With that all parted in high glee,
 Each took his homeward road,
But Jamie staggered most of all,
 His jug was such a load;
And soon he neared the timber lot
 Where John had seen the ghost;
He thought of stories Hans had told
 Of robbers lurking close.

The drunken slew bridge he soon came near
 And crossed it in a fright,
Named for old Ben who staggered off
 And drowned one dark night.
He fancied he could hear the splash
 And same low sound,

For he and Ben were real old friends
That night that he was drowned.

And now he neared the dismal pike
Through turtles, snakes and bogs,
Where Jane had said he would go down
To feed the pesky frogs;
He heard them croaking high and low,
Each had a different key,
He said, "Dear Jane, if I get home
I'll harken unto thee."

When first he stepped upon the pike,
All stopped as still as death,
Which lasted for the first few steps
While Jamie held his breath;
When one coarse voice the stillness broke,
Said he, "A jug of rum,"
When all the others in the swamp
Soon echoed, "Jug of rum."

The waters lapped upon the pike,
Jamie stood and gazed therein—
A million heads were then in sight
And one said, "Pull him in."
Old Jamie said, "Now for my life!"
And fast he tried to run;

The little ones said, "Pull him in,"
The big ones, "Jug of rum."

When Jamie thought his hour had come
He threw to them his jug,
When all was still as if each frog
Had stopped to fill his mug.
He said, "There, take it, pesky frogs,
But only spare my life,"
Took to his heels and soon got home
To tell his dear old wife.

Auld Jamie lived to tell this tale
To grandchildren round his knee,
He said, "Now, hark, I hear them yet,
It was so plain to me:
'Jug of rum, pull him in, jug of rum.' "

FORGIVE

To find fault is an easy task;
There is none perfect, no not one.
I wrote this book for those I loved,
Forgive me all the wrong I've done.

SMOKIN' IN BED

There lived a man, his name was Matern,
His wife said no fire he built her would burn,
You will eat a cold breakfast, your fire went out.
He vowed he would build one and clear up the
doubt.

I admit, as he said, 't was in a queer place, ,
As he lay in the bed with the pipe in his face,
The hot coals rolled out into the hay,
Matern he got up before it was day,

And his wife put out a terrible scream,
With her shirt tail on fire she flew in a dream.
Matern was more calm and stayed with his pipe,
He sat down to warm and was smokin a snipe,
When the neighbors with buckets of water flew in,
But the house was burned down e'er they could
begin.

His wife she came back, but they had not a cent
To build them a house, so they lived in a tent.

No more would she ask him the fire to light
For she thought of the day when she flew in the
night.

Matern he grew thoughtful; "McCarthy," he said,
"Be very careful when smoking in bed,

"And don't go to sleep and dream with your pipe,
Or into the hay you will be sticking your snipe."
His wife and McCarthy advised him next day,
To leave off his smoking when hitting the hay.

Said he to McCarthy, "It is a surprise,
You'll live till you die and never get wise.
On cold, frosty mornings I am under the quilt,
And never get up until the fire is built,

"And you up a-shivering and a-shaking away
And your wife just a-snoozing, I'd smoke in the
hay.

Whist, now, McCarthy, you are my friend,
I have a bad name and of troubles no end,

"My wife is gone days and half of the nights,
With the Daughters of Susan to preach women's
rights.

She says half the men should be kept in jail,
And the other half only allowed out on bail,

"For the house that she had she had not a care,
Which accounts for the ashes you see over there.
A house divided against itself never will stand,
McCarthy, now pray for me, give me your hand."

NOT CITY BRED

I wished to excel and make others happy,
I had lived on a farm in a small country town,
I longed for a life in a big noisy city
Among men of wealth and men of renown.

I had a few dollars, each day they grew fewer,
I knew like things earthly, they would have an
end;
I looked in the faces of armies of people
And in the whole city full saw not a friend.

My shingle was out, I would practice my calling,
I sat in my office, still never a call.
My hopes they run low, I looked at the ceiling
And then at the paper that covered the wall.

In days gone by I was proud of my learning,
I felt the earth tremble when I walked the
street;
It was in a small town where everyone knew me,
But here with these millions I am nothing complete.

Who are these with such worthy mention?
Are they doing things right or doing things
wrong?
Or are they here, these lords of creation,
To scare such as me back where I belong?
There must be a pull where wires are fastened,
Politic, corporative or down on the rail,
It's a long drawn out scheme I will not try to
fathom,
I'll go back to the country for fear I will fail.

LITTLE MILDRED ALLEN

There is little Mildred Allen,
She ate about a gallon
And washed it down with water
When she hadn't ought to.
Then her little stomach,
It began to rumble,
And her little stomach,
It began to grumble,
And this is what it said.

(Repeat forty-seven times).

PROUD BUT NOT VAIN

(To Mrs. Belle Whiteside, of Redfield, Kansas,
at her birthday party, 1911)

Of a little girl baby a story I'll tell;
From a good stock of people they named the girl
"Belle."

With her grandfather she lived on the banks of
a stream,
The Father of Waters, where lovers did dream.

The same old story, as all stories go,
Belle had grown older and dreamed of a beau.
A model young man as he passed by
Saw the fair maiden so blushing and shy.

And she saw him, too, with a true woman's art,
'Twas the laugh in her eye that captured his
heart.

Straightforward and true she has strove for the
right,

If the battle must come, she would be in the fight.

She was proud but not vain, all perfection she seen,
As she ruled her own house with the air of a
queen;

And to the haughty she would give them their
share,
But she would be loving if they would be fair.

The most gentle and loving, most ardent and true,
And yet the most stubborn one I ever knew,
Respecting herself, she had respect for us all,
To be in her company no one need fall.

Her life and her precepts shone plainer than day,
There's but one way to do things and that's the
right way.

A true wife and mother, a neighbor and friend,
With patience for erring ones' rights to defend.

With hope for the future love sees a star,
And the rustle of wings, Belle, will be where you
are.

DOROTHY DICK

(Port Byron, Illinois, 1912)

The worst little girl was Dorothy Dick,
She could only be managed with a big stick;
Her mamma did scold her from morning till night,
Still Dorothy did what she knew was not right.
Her papa came home and brought a big stick
Then the best little girl was Dorothy Dick.

LOVE'S STORM

Like a ship from a stormy ocean
Has anchored in the bay,
My thoughts and hopes, dear Mary,
Have turned to you today.

For I am on life's ocean,
With all a rhymer's love;
Oh, won't you try to love me,
For I want you to love?

My heart and soul thus anchored,
In love's harbor will rest,
I'd hold you while you'd nestle
Your head upon my breast.

I'd pour out all my treasure
Of love and golden store,
And with your love to guide me,
I'd get a million more.

Even roads of darkest midnight
Your love will light and cheer,
If you will only love me
And let me call you Dear.

SOMEONE TO LOVE AND SOME-
ONE TO LOVE ME

Someone to love and someone to love me,
For fifty years has burdened my song,
And well I remember when as a school boy,
The passion first woke up it surely was strong.

On our way from school the ponds had frozen
over,

We were running and sliding all in high glee,
When Mary, a beauty, threw her shawl around
me,

And we ran together and slid, don't you see?

Thus hid from the boys by the shawl of dear
Mary,

Too bashful to tell her the love that I bore,
She woke my young love that perhaps should
have slumbered,

Since then for a woman love will slumber no
more.

I would swim o'er the river and dive to the bot-
tom,

In search of the pearls her neck to entwine,

I would dig for the gold and set it with diamonds,
If loving she'd promise that she would be mine.

O'er land and on seas I would be at her bidding,
To be by her side 'round the world would I roam,
Or this stormy love she could calm if she wanted,
And I'd settle down and build her a home.

The perfume of roses and crabapple blossoms,
The aromas of nature none could her surpass,
We would watch from our home on the banks
of the river,
The waves rolling in from the boats as they
passed.

Our children would roam in the shade of our
orchard,
As pure as the lilies that grow at their feet,
Till the shadows of twilight grow thicker and
deeper,
And their ripples of laughter grow sleepy and
sweet.

Beneath our own roof we would lie down together,
And sleep the sweet sleep of nature's restore,
And wake with the morning with someone to love
me,
And someone to love as in days of yore.

THE GUNNER, UNCLE
BILLIE SPIRES

You all know Uncle Billie Spires,
He's a hoss that never tires,
He's a whip he loves to cracker,
While he's chawin' his terbacker.

He's a gun he never fires,
Keeps it loaded up for liars,
Who talk like a man called Shannon,
Said he'd never cocked a cannon.

When he'd stood in front of battle,
Heard the shells both scream and rattle,
Saw the rebels before him flying,
Never thought of home or dying.

Where they led he'd always foller,
O'er the hills and in the holler,
There they'd have an awful battle,
But he drove them on like cattle,

Till they reached the sea, by thunder,
All plunged in and went in under,
None were left to tell the story,
While he walked off with all the glory.

And still was left to say to Shannon,
Old Bob Hunt and Billie Brannon
If they would dare to say he's lying
He'd lick them all or die a-trying,
To show the world that Billie Spires
Has not forgotten his dead sires.

THE CONCLUSION

I may do wrong
When I would do good,
I've made the effort,
I've done what I could.

I hope for results
For the need is great,
I'll continue to hustle
While I wait.

Why strive so hard to get more when we do
not take care of what we have got?

Perfection is made up of trifles, but perfec-
tion is no trifle.

The young man who is afraid of doing more
than his salary calls for will never have much
salary to call for.

THE MILKMAID'S CHARMS; OR,
THE BASHFUL BOY

On a farm when a boy where I worked lived
Jeanette,
Though years have gone on her sweet face haunts
me yet,
And the heavenly spark in the love signs she gave
Were intended to make my faint boyish heart
brave.
As she held to my hand as we crossed o'er a
stream,
She thrilled me with bliss, well she knew love's
sweet dream,
As we went to the pasture as twilight came on,
With Jeanette there to teach me I sooned learned
this song.

CHORUS

Come, boss, oh-oo, come booo, oh-oo, come boss,
oh-oo, o-hoo,
Come boss, o-hoo, come boss, o-hoo, come boss,
o-hoo, o-hoo.

As she tripped through the valley where the
strawberry grows,

Jeanette, I have wandered with thee,
She's fair as the lily, as sweet as the rose,
On the hills where the big trees their long shadow
throw,

The turtledove's love song that everyone knows,
Jeanette, I have wandered with thee.

Love-sick tonight with my hair turning gray,
With the snows of the winter I drifted away,
I hoped to return when the winter was o'er,
Too bashful to tell her the love that I bore.

A sweet girlish face and a pure woman's love,
Man's guiding star to the haven above,
Love can't be stilled that this song will not rouse,
When I go to the pasture to call home the cows.

CHORUS

A stuttering painter told me he tried to sell
soap. He knocked at the door and said, "M-m-
mad — m, do-do-do-you-you-you-wan to-to-to-to
buy- buy-so-so-some so-so-soap? It-is-only-te-te-
ten ce-ce-cents, and she slam—slammed the door
in my fa-face."

YE STUBBORN GLEN

A strange and stubborn sow had Glen,
As all his neighbors say,
He pulled her ears to the slop,
Her tail to come away.

Ye neighbors stand and point with awe,
There goes ye stubborn Glen,
And marvel at ye stubborn hog,
As stubborn as ye men.

With wife and children dressed for church,
Ye blessed Sabbath morn,
Glen blessed the Lord as he drove by
The fields of waving corn.

The old mare balked, Glen got a club
And not a word he said,
He hit one lick, get out and walk,
The old gray mare was dead.

Make me firm in the right, oh Lord,
And fervent was his prayer,
When all ye people in that church,
Knew Glen had killed the mare.

Ye neighbors stand and point with awe,
There goes ye stubborn Glen,
And marvel at ye stubborn horse,
As stubborn as ye men.

In early days out in the west,
Ye Glen was hunting deer,
He strayed away from the rest,
For ye Glen he was queer.

As night came on Glen killed a deer,
For stubborn was his aim,
He led the horse that dragged ye deer,
Ye stubborn Glen was game.

Ye night grew hideous, for ye wolves
Had scented on Glen's trail,
How well they knew Glen was lost,
Told by their howling wail.

Ye moon came up and looked on Glen
Ye wolves they came up, too,
And showed their murderous, grinning teeth,
And bolder grew a few.

They ran ahead and snapped at Glen,
The horse and at the deer,
Now all were ready for the rush,
But Glen he showed no fear.

The imps of hell seemed to be with
That howling, snarling pack,
Naught with the stubbornness of Glen
Would e'er have kept them back.

When morning came Glen found the camp,
Ye deer still dragged behind,
Glen told the story of ye night,
It lay fresh in his mind.

Ye neighbors stand and point with awe
There goes ye stubborn Glen,
And marvel at ye stubborn wolves,
As stubborn as ye men.

A battle raged right in the road,
Where Glen was bound to go,
He marched right on mid bullets thick,
As ever flew the snow.

Glen fell, shot through the lungs as he,
Men die with a sore toe,
But Glen he lived to tell this tale,
He says he ought to know.

Men to conquer, though they die,
Must have the real backbone,
With cotton strings run up their backs,
They cannot stand alone.

Ye neighbors stand and point with awe,
 There goes ye stubborn Glen,
 He has no cotton string backbone,
 A found in things called men.

PURE-MINDED FRIEND

'Tis sweet to find
 One pure of mind
 With love's true friendship glowing,
 Love's heavenly spark
 Dispels the dark,
 Such friends are well worth knowing.

SO LITTLE DONE

I seem to do so little,
 But if I only find
 A way to keep all envy
 And mistrust from my mind,
 Perhaps I then will better
 See the right to do,
 And then I hope, my loved one,
 To do what's right by you.

TREGO LANG

A love affair caused Trego Lang
To let his gun off with a bang,
He said, "I'll go and join the gang
Where every member is sure to hang."

While at his home the women cried,
He ate up all the fish they fried,
And said, "Don't you weep for me
For I'll go off and on a spree."

And at the town he bought some rope,
Some strychnine and some other dope;
He had a razor in his boot,
Likewise a gun he didn't shoot.

I'll hang myself or cut my throat,
Or butt my brains out like a goat,
To him it seemed it would be great,
To swim the fish that he had ate.

But when he went out on the pier,
Like fairy tales the thing runs queer,
There was a little Katie Jones,
She said, "Trego, how are your bones?"

He said, "Well, Katie, I have three."
 She said, "Come right along with me,
 Right to the aviation meet,"
 And she kept smiling on him sweet.

She said, "Oh would you like to fly?"
 He said, "I would, I want to die."
 She said, "Well, Trego, you sure are game,"
 And blessed the day she learned his name.

"Oh, buy one, Trego, I'll buy two,"
 In they got and off they flew,
 He still was hanging to the rope,
 The strychnine and the other dope.

She said, "Trego, what does it mean?
 Such hanging on I've never seen.
 "Well, Katie, while we're in the air,
 I'll lay the whole blamed story bare."

When Trego the story had gone through,
 They just flew o'er the house of Rew,
 They dropped the razor and the rope,
 The strychnine and the other dope.

Right at the feet of Sadie Rew
 They waved their hands and on they flew;
 In the package was a note,
 Trego had forgotten he had wrote.

It told how he was hanging high,
Seen by a man a-passing by,
Also how he had cut his throat
And how with whiskey he did bloat.

Also how he was drowned at sea
Like all bad men end on a spree,
Just how the sandy bottom felt
Where he lay deader than a smelt.

Just how it feels to drown at sea,
The salty waters filling me,
The reason he had took his life,
Because she wouldn't be his wife.

She read away and held her breath,
"He washed ashore and froze to death."
She said, "Oh, mamma, I shall faint,
Come, dash some water on my paint."

Trego didn't die as some might think,
Nor did he take another drink,
He just goes out and has a spin
And wears the same old-fashioned grin.

And thanks the Lord that on that day
He met Miss Katie on the way,
And when he needs a little cheer
He meets Miss Katie on the pier.

Katie said, "The chance I take
To save some men would scare a snake.
When I see them with some rope
Some strychnine and some other dope,

"Coming out on the pier,
Looking wild and acting queer,
I say, 'There's a man to save,
He's looking for a watery grave.'

"And when nothing else will do,
I wave to the saving crew,
Then I just go and jump in, too,
And where he's drowning I swim by

"And cry, 'O, save me or I die!'
He gets to work saving me
And just forgets himself you see,
I send him home to his ma,

"And tell him not to mind his pa,
For there's as good fish in the sea
As e'er were caught like him and me,
And if he need a little cheer
Just come and meet me on the pier."

You would be surprised the men they made,
And how glad are the hearts that break,

And how they live their mothers' pride
With wife and babies by her side.

Thus ends the tale of Katie Jones,
How she saved Trego with his three bones.

NO INVENTION TO SAVE THE RICH

He died and left his money,
And left us wondering why
That those that have the money
Should ever have to die.

There are many hard stories told of
How he robbed the poor,
The rich that he had cheated,
And where he is gone they are sure.

Yet rich and poor must die alike
When ships go down at sea;
Inventive man has found no plan
Where rich men may go free.

We poor, who think that riches
Would bring us all the bliss,
Have got to stop and ponder
When told a tale like this.

He died and left his money,
 And left us wondering why
 That those who have the money
 Should ever have to die.

HOPE AND LOVE

Hope is the sunshine of heaven
 That shines through the cloud of despair;
 To be without hope, life's a burden,
 Too heavy for mortals to bear.

Come, let us hope on and hope ever
 And mingle our hope with our love;
 As pure and as sweet as an anthem
 E'er sung by the choir above.

For since I have known you, my loved one,
 My love and my hope have run high;
 And clouds of despair cannot gather
 While your love and your sunshine are nigh.

I never will be so despondent
 As to forget that once I was loved
 By the purest and best of all women,
 Now gone to the heaven above.

A mother, a sister, a daughter,
As pure and as sweet and as true
As e'er blessed the life of a loved one;
Have such blessings showered on you?
May hope flow on like a river
That ends in the depths of the sea,
And love, just as constant and lasting,
I promise, my darling, to thee.
For those that have gone I still cherish
The hope that we will meet above,
While here there is some one to love me,
For hope says there is some one to love.

CHINESE PROVERBS

Regard a youth with respect, for how do we know but his future may be equal to our present, but if he attain the age of forty-five or fifty and has not yet made himself felt, he is not worthy of being regarded with respect.

In usual sickness employ the family doctor, but in chronic ailments a new doctor is more helpful.

A man who whips his wife is as he who beateth a sack of flour—all that is good flies away; what is left is not worth having.

TUNE CASEY JONES

Come, all you farmer lads, and hear
How Eddie shoveled oats for the tale runs queer;
They said when the oats came through that spout
The man didn't live that could shovel them out.

CHORUS

Eddie he shoveled and he shoveled,
He shoveled, shoveled, shoveled till his shovel
got hot;

Eddie he got a barrel of water
To put the shovel in when the shovel got hot.

Eddie's team flew to the bin,
Forth and back and back again,
They run till their tails cracked round the stack
Where they met themselves a-coming back.

CHORUS

Eddie threw that oats so high,
Some of it stuck up in the sky
And didn't come down till they went to bed,
When it pattered on the roof like rain, they said.

CHORUS

Eddie he just sweat like rain,
Forth and back and back again,
The mud in the road got as thick as tar
For he sprinkled that road like a sprinkling car.

CHORUS

The farmers came from miles around
And gathered on that thrashing ground,
“Holy smoke!” you heard them cry,
“See the blood in Eddie’s eye.”

CHORUS

When the farmer crew they came to town
They told the story round and round,
How Eddie’s hat was in the ring,
For shoveling oats he had the swing.

CHORUS

Eddie said when he got through,
“I’ve set the boys a pace or two.”
He went right home and dressed up neat,
He kissed his wife and baby sweet.

CHORUS

CANARY AND HIS HOGS

Michael Canary, he had a very
Queer way of slopping his hogs.

He drove them all over
His bare field of clover
Belabored by three savage dogs.

“Of corn,” said Canary, “I haven’t a berry,
I’ll just have to raise them on whey.”

When he tried to slop them
No devil could stop them
From crowdin’ and squealin’, you say

The dogs he set on them,
He said, “Now, doggone them,
I’ll show them to keep away,”
And loud he did call them,
The hounds they did bawl them,
When the troughs he had full of whey.

He chased the fields over
With two hounds and Rover

In order to drive the hogs back;
He managed to stop them
Where he could slop them,
But of swearin' Canary'd no lack.

Their backs were like razors
But they were good grazers.
Canary would grin as he'd say,
"Wife says I'm a sinner,
These dom hogs grow thinner
And more like a shadder each day."

" 'Twixt runnin' and sloppin'
They squeal without stoppin',
The hounds snappin' at their thin legs."
Canary swore louder,
The air smelled of powder,
Oh, pity! his wife how she begs.

The hounds they did chase him,
Round the field they did race him
Till they scared at the slop they had not,
Canary looked over
His bare field of clover,
Said, "Devil a hog have I got!"

He said, "I have learned it,
Or rather discerned it,
As I've heard the auld people say,
They have scared at their shadder
And what could be sadder
With their squeals, they have all blowed away."

LOVE AND HOPE

Lord of heaven, let me feel the love and hope of
long ago,
Before I ever knew the pangs of hope undone, of
love untrue.

I prayed the Lord to guide me on,
Though earthly sight of hope be gone,
Though dark and dreary grows the way,
I'll look to thee, I'll hope and pray.

Hope sees a star and love can hear
The rustling wings of angels near.
All who have hope have felt and heard
That ne'er described by pen or word.

RESPECT YOURSELF

Let us try to live so that we can respect our own company. When we are alone it is a terrible thing to have our own conscience condemning us all the time. Respect yourself and you will have the respect of others.

Let us have a congenial atmosphere in our home, in our town, in our country. Be courteous and a gentleman to all whom you meet.

A Mr. Whitley, of Bonaparte, Iowa, who was a spiritualist, once said to me, "Congenial spirits make congenial minds. Congenial minds make a congenial atmosphere, as though this room were filled with a congenial atmosphere." Then he said that congenial atmosphere is what makes good crops. Spiritualism will be accounted for some day scientifically as a law of mind over matter, but they do not want one in their circle who is not congenial, who opposes them. Mind form controls is superior to matter. Somewhere mind and matter come into rapport. We can imagine the mind stirs the brain, the brain stirs the nerve,

the nerve stirs the muscle, the muscle moves the bones.

I think what I am going to do when I open and shut my hand; so we will try to follow from the mind to the brain to the nerve, to the muscle, to the bones, to the tips of our fingers. How much it goes beyond that, we do not know, but we feel drawn to some people. We stay with them and talk to them, they do us good. Others repel us; we want to get away as soon as we can. As Hennessey said, "They would get along well together if they could be kept apart."

Let us be one to try to make a pleasant atmosphere in our home. Love is the fulfillment of the law. Have a lovable, kindly feeling for all. That will have its impression on those you meet and who knows, but it may be felt by your friends and loved ones miles away. "A kind answer turneth away wrath, but harsh words stirreth up anger."

Even a mean thought is felt. The old slave complained to his master that one of the other slaves had called him a black nigger. "Well," said the master, "are you not a black negro?" "Yes, massah, I know I is, it ain't what he said dat hurt, but the way he said it." "Do nothing

whereby thy brother stumbleth, is offended or made weak.”

A public speaker should be able to convey his thoughts as a wireless telegraph sending a message. Not alone in the sender, but the receiving instrument must be kept in tune or accord with the sender. Some have the ability to get our attention, to make us anxious to hear them.

A Swede who got terms confused when asked if he would be a pallbearer, a man had died at the factory at which he worked. “Well,” said the Swede, “there is a feller who has been in dis country longer than I bin. I ask him; let you know what he said tonight. No, Mr. Johnson, I no like to be a polar bear, I find dos out by my friend, a polar bear sits on the cold ice and watch for fish, and jump in cold ice water, no wonder the poor feller died. I got not very good job, but sometime I had some good job, and I jumped it. I went up to Wisconsin and dug a well one hundred feet high, and never get a cent for, so dot make me been ’fraid to change mine job, and A tank I no like to be a polar bear, not take dot job.”

HOPE AND LOVE

And now I hasten to compare
God's love with all my selfish care;
I feel that time is slipping by,
I wish to live, I dread to die.

Why is life not all bliss to me?
Because I am not what I would be,
The God in man is to improve;
The God in man is hope and love.

Hope sees a star, but love says "Come
And share with us a better home."
I followed on while love she led
Up through the gardens of the dead.

There lies those you have known in youth,
I felt I knew she told the truth;
A gloom had settled round me there
For hope had gone, I saw despair.

But love still beckoned me to come,
"Don't tarry here, we are going home."
I followed on and then I saw
Love, the fulfillment of the law.

Without love, I could plainly see
There was no hope for men like me.
Love told of home with mansions grand
Hope then came back and took my hand.

I'll now trust love through endless day
But hope once left me on the way.

Two Irishmen, when they came to a town and read on a box car that stood on the track, "Cape City, 60,000." She is quite a place. They should have read, "capacity, 60,000."

The doctor said to the old darkey, "Well, Uncle Ned, I feel it's my duty to tell you you are going to die. If you have anything to say you better be saying it." "I ain't much to say, doctor, but I will say you made mighty short work of it."

The old settler at Jewell, Kansas, said my neighbors heard I was going to make a speech here today, and some of them said if I didn't stop in something like reasonable time they would shoot me, and I wouldn't mind being half shot to start with.

THE GASOLINE STOVE FOR THE
KANSAS HOMESTEADER
IN 1880

It is years since we came to this fair sunny
state,

Dear Kansas, I love with advantages so great;
Your soil and your climate and pastures are good,
But alas! on your prairies we are doomed without
wood.

On the creeks there's but little and so hard to
work,

Such as cottonwood and elm from which all men
shirk.

I have tried to split cottonwood chunks in the
month of July

Till the temperature of my body showed fever so
high,

A doctor would have said, "He cannot recover."
Then my wife would have had pity on me, her
dear lover,

But wait, I will tell you her lot was the same,
Well for me she had not known this when chang-
ing her name.

She would hunt the farm over, pick up every
chip,
Our children went unpunished for she burnt up
the whip;
But joy now has come and from here I'll not rove,
A blessing has reached us—a gasoline stove.

No beauties of nature or art can surpass
Our neat little stove generating the gas;
For a penny an hour each fire will run,
Wash, iron and bake, all neatly done.

On a hot summer day when I turn out for noon
I find dinner ready, I am never too soon.
A smiling little woman meets me at the door,
Not het up by the fire as in days of yore.

Our baby is not cross nor broken out with the heat,
Our home is so pleasant, so cool and so neat,
I feel in my heart there is some one needs praise
For blessing our lot and gladdening our days.

I will first render praise to God up in heaven
That men can invent for the faculty given,
Then to the inventor and manufacturer, too,
And lastly McClung, who will sell one to you.

MY IRISH ROSE

She had promised me to wed,
Then said no, and killed me dead;
I just pined away till my hair turned gray
From grieving.

I bethought me she was old,
I was just as good as gold
Then I did propose to an Irish Rose
Of twenty.

She accepted, took a ride
In the auto by my side;
No false teeth you see when she smiled on me,
So healthy.

I soon found what I had missed
When my Irish Rose I had kissed,
She just clung to me like a vine, you see,
So healthy.

Wife and laughing baby boy,
Fill our home with love and joy;
I have this to say to men turning gray:
If healthy

Marry younger than yourself,
Share your talents and your wealth
On a baby boy, mamma's pride and joy,
If healthy.

Keep love's fire burning bright
For the one that treats you right,
And when she is gray think of your wedding day
So happy.

But if she has been a flirt,
Played coquette and done you dirt,
Gets to forty-one know that she is done,
Stop grieving.

The saddest word of tongue or pen,
Whittier said, "It might have been."
He just pined away till his dying day,
And left us.

Sour flirt and sour dude,
Neither baked nor fried nor stewed,
But they're good and done when they're forty-
one,
Not healthy.

Please excuse me, I must go,
I think I hear the baby crow,

And wife with sunny hair waiting for me there
And singing,

“Mamma’s baby boy,
Go to sleep, darling, and don’t you cry,
Mamma’s baby boy, your papa will come to us
by and by,
Mamma’s baby boy.

“For papa loves mamma and both love you,
Then close your eyes so dreamy and blue,
Your papa will come, he has always been true,
Mamma’s baby boy.”

I said, “Mrs. Kelly, how is Tom?” “Poor Tom, poor Tom,” she said, “he died of a smoking cancer.”

Josh Billings said of the preacher who kept on after he had preached two hours to a tired, sleepy congregation and seemed to have made no impression, “After a man has been boring for an hour and don’t strike ile, he must come to one of two conclusions. He is not boring in the right place, or his auger is too small.”

WIT SHARPENED WITH USE

As I see and hear public men I am convinced that they become on the alert and too sharp for us common fellows to interrupt or question when they have the floor. It is said a drunken man once staggered up to Mr. Moody and said, "Do you recognize me?" Mr. Moody said, "I don't remember of ever seeing you." The drunken man said, "You ought to remember me—you are the man that converted me." "Quite likely," Mr. Moody said. "You look about like some of my work. If the Lord had converted you you would be in a better fix than you are now."

It is said that a minister on a passenger train with a delegation of preachers from the Methodist Church South, who had heard Wendell Phillips the night before handle the slavery question, said, "Mr. Phillips, why don't you come down south where slavery exists and do your talking?" Said Phillips, "You are a preacher of the gospel, trying to save sinners from hell?" "Yes," said the preacher. "Why don't you go right down

into hell and preach where the devil is?" asked Phillips.

At a conference of preachers where a learned bishop presided, a backwoods preacher in rather a boasting way thanked the Lord that he had no college education. The old bishop said, "The brother doesn't mean to thank the Lord for his ignorance?" "Yes," said he, "if that is the way you put it, I do." "Well," said the bishop, "my dear brother, you have a great deal to be thankful for."

It is told that Benjamin Franklin, when signing the Declaration of Independence, said, "Gentlemen, we must hang together. If we do not, King George will see to it that we hang separately."

The old Scotch storekeeper, when he came home and found his green Scotch nephew had sold about one hundred dollars worth of goods to a worthless lawyer, said, "This is a sorry day for me, Sandy, I fear I shall lose my mind, and then I will be na better off than yoursel', poor, fickle lad."

AS I HEARD SAM JONES AT
MOLINE, ILLINOIS

He said, "When I was in Georgia I preached to a colored congregation. Among my audience was a good old soul; she would have weighed two hundred pounds dressed. When I had finished speaking she came to shake hands with me and said, 'Brother Jones, you talk mo like a nigger than any man I ever heard. You have a white skin, but bress the Lo'd, you have a black heart.' " He said what we are short of in this world is men, real men, with backbones. "A young lady sits out on the front porch Sunday evening. She sees something coming up the road smoking a cigarette; she thinks it is a man coming to see her. It isn't a man at all, it's just a pair of old breeches; he hasn't any backbone, he has just a cotton string run up his back." He said a dude was a cipher with the rim knocked off, and the way he had of telling you to quit your meanness left the impression with you, "Better be a better man."

AS I HEARD INGERSOLL

At Keokuk, Iowa, I heard Robert G. Ingersoll lecture on Shakespeare. I must say he was among the very best public speakers I ever heard. He said when Shakespeare has said a thing all has been said on that subject that can be said. An ordinary man might have said, "On a night like this a dog should stand against my fire." A little smarter man might have said, "My enemy's dog should stand against my fire," but Shakespeare said, "On a night like this my enemy's dog, though he would have bit me, should stand against my fire." Now, there is all said on that subject that can be said. Nothing is left unsaid. In the cook of Athens insensible the palate of old age, more stupid than the soft lips of youth, to move I put much mustard in their dish with quickening sauces, make there stupor, keen and lash the lazy blood that creeps within. In thought we see the blood in the old man's veins run slow. Shakespeare was a great reader of character. He said, "Let me have about me fat men, men with sleek heads, that sleep o'

nights. Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look; he thinks too much. Such men are dangerous. Ingersoll said, "In my opinion Shakespeare pumped every man dry he met. He was a poet, an artist, a philosopher, a mechanic, a lawyer, a judge, a prince, a peasant, an all around man, such as has never been equaled." When Ingersoll had talked two hours and quit I wished for him to go on. He left the impression with me that Shakespeare was the greatest man that ever had lived. I also realized, as Beecher once said, in introducing Ingersoll, "He is the best exponent of the English language on the globe." His concentration of thought, his ability to make us see and feel as he saw and felt surely was the divine in the human; and quoting from his oration at his brother's grave, "Hope sees a star, and listening love hears the rustle of a wing." Surely such minds must live again.

He said, "You remember the medicine you gave me for the wart on my face? Well, the face is all gone, but the wart is still there."

PANAMA CANAL IN THREE ROOTS

Last summer at the Old Settlers' Meeting at Jewel City, Kansas, I heard the editor of the Mail and Breeze, McNeal. He said that the wind blew so hard in Kansas that the banks had to ship their notes and mortgages out of the state a little before the tax assessor came round, as the wind blew so hard about that time of the year, they dare not keep them in the state. He said Kansas is so productive that if all the wheat that had been raised in Kansas had been ground into flour, and that flour had been made into one immense doughnut, and all the colored people of the African race could have been put inside the hole of that doughnut, before they could have eaten their way out, they all would have died of old age and the race problem would have been solved.

He said if all the corn that had been raised in Kansas had been fed to hogs and by some magic wand could have become one immense hog, that hog could have rooted out the Panama Canal in

three roots, showing Kansas was somewhat on the hog. He left the impression with us that Kansas soil and Kansas men were capable of great things. As Josh Billings said of "caliker," nobody knows what Kansas will do next. Kansas don't know herself.

Do what you like to do best, that is honorable, but try to get in line with your possibilities.

An old Scotchman who thought his apprentice slow, said, "Sandy has three hands—a right hand, a left hand and a little behindhand."

A stuttering, stammering man, or an old countryman with a large brogue, a Dutchman that would say, "If a dog don't know his master the best ting is right away the gun, or throw de cow over de fence some hay."

Paddy Tobin had difficulty in getting the words out. He was asked by John Buckley how much he got for his hogs. "Four—four—four—dollars and a cracker," said Paddy. He was not endowed by nature for a successful public speaker.

MATILDA FLETCHER

At Erie, Illinois, I once heard Matilda Fletcher lecture. The caption of her lecture was, "Is man an angel?" I thought perhaps we would get a bad setting out, but was agreeably surprised when in beautiful language she showed man to be only a little lower than the angel here and capable of becoming greater in the beyond. She said when a little girl, she and her little brother slept upstairs, where the roof came down low. One stormy night the rain and hail was pelting on the roof, the wind and thunder made the house shiver and quake in all its joints. She knelt by the bed and said her prayers; her little brother stayed longer on his knees than common. When he got into bed he said, "What did you pray?" She said, "'Our Father, who art in heaven, and 'Now I lay me down to sleep.''" He said, "I prayed more than that, I allus pray lots on these thunderin' nights," and she said as she grew older she found that all men and women prayed on the thunderin' nights. Prayer is the upward turning of the eye when none but God is near.

YE PLUMBER

Behold ye plumber went forth to plumb, and when he had plumbed but eight short hours, lo and behold! his bill was forty dollars; and Esau sat a watch and with a leveled shotgun did guard ye gate and when ye plumber came forth to plumb he smote him with the jawbone of another man's mule. Ye plumber being sorely pressed, betook himself to the brush and the hill country round about, for Esau belabored him hip and thigh until the going of the sun, and ye plumber was heard of in those parts no more forever. And Esau caused a decree to be sent forth through all the country round about, that if a plumber's shadow so much as fell in the doorway of his domicile or a plumber's foot was set on his vast estate, there would be blood on the moon, and he would not leave a stone unturned until he had appeased the vengeance of his wrath. A warning to all plumbers to desist from unreasonable, exorbitant and profanity causing out-of-sight prices.

IMPROVE

We are today what we were made by the producing causes. We had no part or lot in the matter. A child born idiotic is not to blame. We are today what our education and surroundings have made us. We are today what we have made ourselves as actors in the premises.

We are not responsible for the disposition we were born with, but we are very much responsible for the disposition we die with. There is no limit known to the attainment of a man or woman with an average development of body and brain.

Rodney Abbott, near Los Angeles, California, told me of coming home one day from the lumber office not feeling well. He went in the front of the house and lay down on the lounge. A blind girl opened the door from an adjoining room. After a while, "Rodney," she said, "are you home?" "Yes," he answered, "but how did you

know?" "I smelled your shoes." He had on a pair of new tan shoes.

George Hunt, Jr., near Port Byron, Illinois, told me when cutting wood last winter a blind mare was running loose in the ten-acre timber lot. He took an apple with him and laid it on a stump. He saw the blind mare coming through the timber straight for that apple and was within two feet of it when he took it off the stump.

My uncle, J. K. M. Looker, told me of a man who took the hats and belongings of guests at a Chicago hotel as they went into dinner by the hundreds. He gave to each as they came out, his hat, umbrella or package marked "nothing." Some stayed in ten minutes, some half an hour, etc., but he remembered the face of the person, the hat, and where he had laid it. If we do not remember, it is because we are careless. Our mind is on something else or nothing in particular.

The story is told of a New York newspaper man, who thought he never could remember names as long as they were being told to him.

His wife said to him, "I will help you improve your memory of names. Each night when you come home to supper, tell me of the people you have met at your office and their names." He did that and became remarkable for his memory of names. He was called Nestor of the New York Press. It was said a man stood a poor show who did not consult and get the support of Thurlow Weed.

If we are not up to the standard of what we would be, it is up to us to improve.

AS I REMEMBER DR. HARVEY W. WILEY

I heard Dr. Harvey W. Wiley at the Augustana College, Rock Island, Illinois, who won fame as the aggressive of the chemistry bureau, at Washington, D. C. He said the public health is worth more than all the resources and wealth of the country. There is only one cause for which a respectable person ought to die, and that is

old age. More people die from impure and poorly cooked food than from all other causes. I wish we had more cookstoves and fewer pianos. I would rather know how to cook a potato than paint frescoes like Michael Angelo. Few see them, but all eat potatoes. Never heard from a president's message to safeguard the public health, but hopes Wilson will say something. Feels kindly toward Taft for not kicking him out but giving him time enough to resign. Not a word in Taft's message about the public health, when it is the nation's greatest asset. When the French tried to build the Panama canal each tie in their forty miles of railroad along the canal route could have been numbered with a dead man for each tie. Uncle Sam's medical department each morning, before any one stirred along the line of works, sprinkled kerosene oil in each pond or puddle of water formed from the rains the night before that no mosquitoes could breed to cause malaria, and the death rate in the canal zone is only three to each thousand in a year. In the United States, where it is much healthier, naturally the death rate is fourteen to the thou-

sand if we had but three to the thousand in this country the average length of life would be eighty-eight years instead of forty-four as it is now. Fifty-two per cent. of the really great and good things have been accomplished by men between sixty and seventy years of age, while only two per cent have been accomplished by men under forty. He said when we have gotten ready to do something really great we have been dead about fifteen years. Out of one thousand babies born one hundred and twenty-seven die before they are one year old. Most of these deaths could be prevented. During July and August one thousand babies die each day. The mother's milk is the best food for the baby; good cow's milk comes next; next a good cook is the best blessing a household can have, not a drudge, but a fine art. Dr. Wiley said life is worth too much to take it by your own hand over love affairs or poorly cooked and adulterated food. He said never run after a woman or a street car—another one will be along in a short time. A man at forty-four has spent five solid years at the table eating, twenty years in getting and

preparing food and sleeping to allow his food to digest and assimilate. Therefore he regards eating the principal industry of man. He told us of the man who had inscribed on his wife's tombstone, "The light of my life has gone out." In about a year he married another. A wag wrote below the inscription, "But I have struck another match, if the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness; strike another match." According to physiology the epiphyses join to the long bones of all animals with vertebra at about one-fifth of their age. In the man the epiphyses join to the femur bones at twenty or twenty-one years, showing man should live to one hundred years.

O. W. LOOKER, M. D.

I want to do all the good I can in all the ways I can to all that need the little knowledge that I have. I went through a medical college, got my sheepskin, practiced medicine ten years, and among what I thought good you are welcome to.

If you or your child has "caught cold," as we call it, bake the feet in a hot oven or put the feet in hot water; give some warm drink, wrap up warm in bed. Get the blood to circulate in the extremities as the blood is driven from the surface and may congest in the lungs.

If illness results from the kidneys or some internal organ, or even from lagrippe, we should keep in a warm room for several days. I think if we would stay in a warm room for three days when we first feel we are taking cold we would get rid of our colds and there is no end to the trouble that we say started from a bad cold.

CATARRH OF THE HEAD

Catarrh of the head and nose is congestion of the mucous lining of the nose. I use a solution of oxide of zinc (white powder), peppermint and carbolie acid, about 60 drops of carbolie acid, 20 drops of essence of peppermint and a teaspoonful of oxide of zinc in one pint of water. Shake well before using. Warm and inject with one-eighth ounce hard rubber syringe in the nose night and

morning; warm enough in a tin cup over lamp or fire. It should be strong enough of carbolic acid to smart the mucous membrane of the nose just a little. This solution made a little stronger is the best I know of for itching skin, ivy poisoning, etc. Mop on with cloth wet in solution once an hour as needed to stop itching.

WOUNDS OF THE SKIN

The best application I know of for wounds of the skin is tannin, a brown powder. If the wound is clean and wet with blood, put the tannin powder on. If there is dirt in wound, cleanse with warm water, then put on the powder, tie up, and allow to heal without undoing. If undone, use more powder each time. The skin has seven layers. If only four are torn off there will be no scar. If the seven layers are cut through there will be a scar when healed.

For fever of children, put a small thimble full of acetanilid in a cup. Fill with hot water, sweeten, and give a teaspoonful once an hour. For adults, take about one half that amount or about five grains every three hours as needed for fever, headache and lagrippe.

A FAIRY TALE OF A LITTLE BLACK NOSE

Little Fay Rue lived with her father and mother and two large sisters. Her big sisters would tease her and say,

Little Fay Rue, little Fay Rue,
Cried a few lines and went "boohoo,"
Cried a few lines and went "mamma,"
Cried a few lines and went "papa."

Little Fay, being so much smaller and more delicate than her big sisters could only call to her mother and father for relief when teased too much. Little Fay hoped to be big and stout enough some day to pay them back. One day when her big sister was blacking her shoes, little Fay tried to trip her big sister as she stood on one foot. Her big sister, to get even, daubed the blacking on little Fay's nose. Fay went crying to her mother who tried to wash it off, but to her surprise and horror it would not come off. Little Fay cried, her mother cried, her father scolded, but to no purpose. The black spot stayed and when Fay went to school they called

her "little black nose." Each night Fay would come home to her mother crying, "Dear mother, do get this black spot off my nose." Her mother called the doctor's help, but to no purpose; the spot remained. Her parents spent both time and money, still it seemed little Fay was to go through the world as "little black nose." She kept to herself as much as possible to and from school and at play time to keep from being teased about her black nose. An old Mexican lady had told her to be a good girl and not cry, and maybe a good fairy would come some day and take that black spot away and make her the most beautiful lady in the world. Fay cherished this in her heart and kept it to herself. One morning not long after this on her way to school, having passed the old Mexican lady's house, a little black pig ran in the path ahead of Fay. It seemed to know her and to be so tame Fay tried to catch it, and grabbed it by the tail. Its tail pulled off in her hand. The pig scampered away and Fay put the pig's tail in her pocket and thought about it and the queer little pig all day. At night when she went home she told her mother of the queer little pig, how in trying to catch it she had pulled off its tail, showing the pig's tail

she had in her pocket. Her mother who was very neat, also very, very careful concerning little Fay, was much displeased to see her little daughter with a pig's tail in her pocket, took it from Fay and threw it in the yard on the lawn. To her great dismay and the delight of Fay, the pig's tail was transformed into the most beautiful white pony anyone had ever seen. "Oh! mamma," cried Fay, "it has a black nose." Her mamma looked at Fay. "Oh, my darling child, the black spot has gone from your nose, and the little pony surely has it, that must have been a little fairy pig. I have heard of some such thing." That night when Fay's father and two sisters came home there was great rejoicing when they saw little Fay with the black spot gone from her nose and heard the story of the little fairy pig and saw the beautiful little white pony with its black nose. Next morning when it was time for Fay to go to school, there by the door stood the little pony with the most beautiful gold mounted saddle and bridle on, ready to take Fay to school, as if it knew that was its daily task. As Fay rode through the streets, all the children ran to see her, and old people declared that only in fairyland had such a beautiful pony and saddle been seen, which in

truth was true, for there is where it had come from. Fay rode to the old Mexican lady's on her way to school and in great joy told her all. The old lady said, "Fay, be a good girl as you have been and when you are through your school, the little pig will cross your path again. If you should pull off one of its ears and your mamma would throw it on the ground for you, you will have the finest house in the world with real fairies for servants and be the most beautiful lady in all the world. Little Fay is trying to be good, has the admiration, love and respect of all that know her. Her little pony is the pet of all the school children. Fay is learning her lessons well, wants to get a good education so when she is grown she will know how to talk and entertain the fine ladies and gentlemen that will surely visit her when she lives in this beautiful mansion.

Two Irishmen were hunting a cow and came to a sign-board that read, "To Manchester forty miles." "Do you see that on yon board, Patsy? 'Tis a foine thing I can read—two men chased her forty miles. We will go no further tonight, bad luck to them."

MYSELF

I feel it my duty to myself and those who take their time to read my book to know something of who I am and what advantages I have had and how well I have improved my time and opportunities in the world.

I was born in Pennsylvania in 1859. My parents came to Rock Island County, Illinois, in 1860. My father died in the army at LaGrange, Tennessee in 1863. My chances for schooling were not of the best, but I can see now, that I should have improved the chance I had much better than I did. I never was a very good student, when it came to studying books, but at work I seemed to be able to do almost anything I tried. I worked at blacksmithing until I could make a full hand sharpening picks and drills for the coal miners. I worked at the carpenter trade until I could build houses and command full pay. I can plaster a house, paint a house, lay brick, milk cows, make a hand on a farm, and writing verse, singing songs and trying to entertain the public is another adventure.

I spent four years of the best of my life to get through a medical school. I practiced medicine ten years.

I am trying to improve my mind; to help those I come in contact with; and feel that my forte is gaining from those I see and hear more than from books, as I am not the student of books I might hope to be.

Ingersoll said of Shakespeare, "He pumped every man dry that he met." I want to see and hear our great and near great men and women and hope to gain in that way.

A man I once heard, who had made a study of the picture business, claimed that eighty per cent. of what we learned came to us through observation. I am thankful for good eyesight.

"Have you anything to say, Pat, before I pass sentence on you?" said the judge. "No, nothing," said Pat. Then I will give you thirty years in the penitentiary at hard labor. "Now, judge," said Pat, "I have something to say. It seems to me, judge, you are dom liberal with the other man's time."

CHICAGO'S LIVE MODEL OF ART

At the Art Institute in Chicago,
There were works from the masters of old,
There were paintings and frescoes and statues,
Of such marvels the half is ne'er told.

As I sat there all charmed with their beauty,
A living model more fair,
More stately, more bending and graceful,
Walked in and stood facing me there.

From her eyes shone the real spark of heaven,
When she met mine there was no disdain,
Then she passed out among the art beauties,
And I never will see her again.

But I know that up in Chicago,
There is a live model of Art,
And blessed is the man who is able
To capture her love and her heart.

Gathered in from the land of fair women,
Chicago has surely her share,
At the Art Institute there are models,
But the living are even more fair.

I ADORE THEE, BLESSED SLEEP

Sleep is nature's great restorer,
I adore thee, blessed sleep,
Let me swoon away in slumber,
Where heaven bends my soul to keep.

Should I dream of love unanswered,
Help me claim an honest heart,
Fill my soul with love's sweet music,
Let us never, never part.

Care and strife and disappointment,
I forget them all with thee,
Almost wish the day was over,
That blessed sleep might come to me.

HARSH WORDS

For harsh words spoken
There is no repair.

As well try to draw the oak back into the acorn,
As to recall a sentence that has once gone forth.

THE YANKEE PEDDLER'S GRANDSON

Grandfather peddled, with his pack

He went from town to town,

The disposition thus to roam,

I think was handed down.

I'll go from here, I'll go from there,

I'll go from all I know,

For grandfather never stopped,

Till he left all below.

And traveled through an unknown land,

Where mind and spirit blend,

And sees the beauties of a world,

They say that has no end.

Grandfather told his jokes and yarns,

And I will rhyme my song,

And sing them where I stop at night,

And then I'll journey on.

To leave some joy and hope with friends,

I meet along the way,

God bless dear friends who make their homes,

My welcome place to stay.

DREAD TO HAVE MOTHER KNOW

Come back again and be with me,
Faith, hope and love and joy,
When mother bore my cares for me,
She said, don't mind, my boy,

You'll be a great big man some day,
Then you will make things go.
The honest look in mother's eyes,
Assured me that was so.

But long and anxious years have gone,
Since mother cheered me thus,
I cannot doubt her faith and love,
Deceived were both of us.

When life's long struggle I am through,
To heaven I would go,
But how I failed from mother's hopes,
I dread to have her know.

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